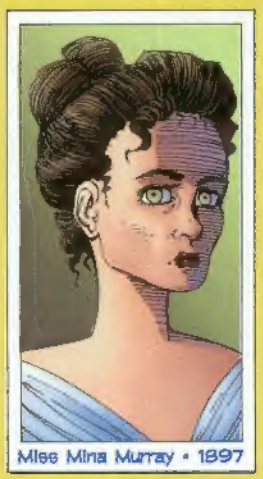
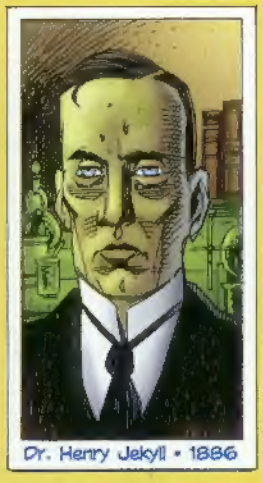
ALAN MOORE • KEVIN O'NEILL

Captain Nemo • 1867



Mlse Mina Murray • 1897

Allan Quatermain • 1888



Dr. Henry Jekyll • 1886

Edward Hyde • 1886

Hawley Griffin • 1897

Campion Bond • 1888

C. Auguste Dupin • 1841

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GOD BLESS HER MAJESTY

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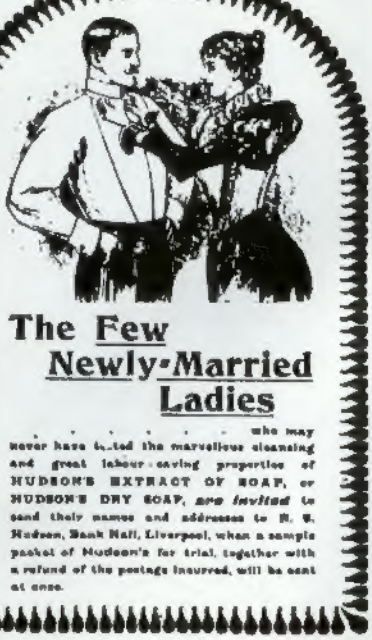

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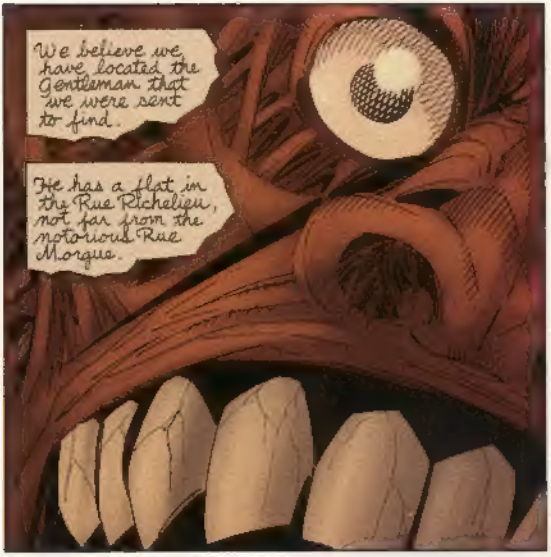
1/11 from ALF. SENIER & CO., 71, George Street, Portman Square, LONDON, W.

The Quartier St. Roche, Paris. June 28th, 1898.
My Dear Mr. Bond,

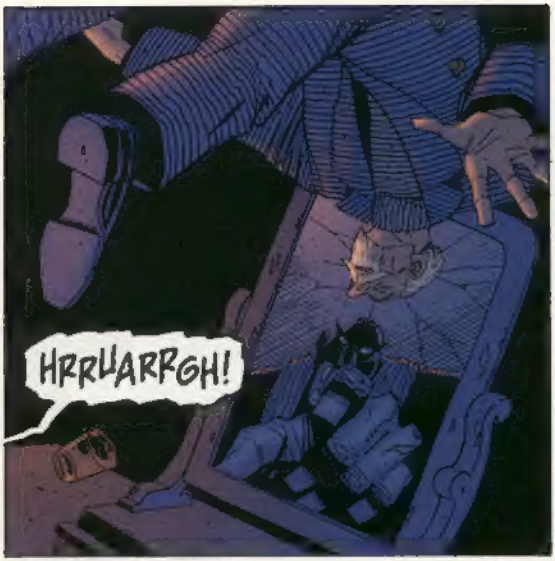

We believe we have located the Gentleman that we were sent to find.
He has a flat in the Rue Richelieu, not far from the notorious Rue Morgue.

During our visit, Mr. Quatermain (to my mind highly over-rated as a pugilist) was overcome almost immediately.
Fortunately my contact the Chevalier Dupin, though elderly, proved to be made of sterner stuff...

...and shot the creature in the face.

YOU LITTLE SHIT.

Blowing half his cigar off served only to further irritate the monster. He stepped forward with his cane raised like a club.
Luckily, by this time Mr. Quatermain had to some small degree regained his composure.
URRROORGH! LET GO OF ME!
LET GO OF ME, I SAY!
I'LL EAT YOUR HEAD!
I'LL TEAR YOUR STOMACH OUT, YOU LITTLE MAGGOT! I'LL...
...GLUGUGH?
NNK
NNK
GNNK
ONE SIDE, MADEMOISELLE! I HAVE A SHOT AT HIM!
NO! YOU'LL HIT QUATER-MAIN...


HRRUARRGH!

PFAHH!
PFUGGH
NOW, DUPIN! SHOOT HIM NOW!

BASTARDS.
LITTLE BASTARDS...
mnnughh.

POISONED ME.
YOU'VE POISONED ME, YOU LITTLE BASTARDS...
MADEMOISELLE! THE GUN!

WH-WHORE! B-BLOODY STINKING WHORE...
I-I'LL SHOVE THAT...
sh-shove it...

URRRGHUHH

2:Ghosts & Miracles

MON DIEU- WHAT A HORROR.
HAVE WE KILLED IT?
I-I DON'T KNOW. WE'D BEST GO DOWN AND FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES.
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? DID WE GET IT?
WE SHALL SEE. LET US HOPE THAT YOUR LAUDANUM DID THE TRICK.
LAUDANUM? WE SHALL HAVE WORDS ABOUT THIS LATER, MR. QUATERMAIN.
I... LOOK, A CHAP'S ENTITLED TO A FEW MISTAKES! BESIDES...
I SAID WE SHALL TALK LATER, SIR.
LET US FIRST SEE WHAT DAMAGE THIS BRUTE HAS SUSTAINED.
hmmph. ALL TOO LITTLE, IT WOULD SEEM. IT'S BREATHING, AND NO BONES ARE BROKEN.
BUT LOOK AT IT! WHAT ON EARTH IS IT?
IT... HE... DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THAT WHEN HE APPROACHED ME EARLIER.
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
THAT HE CHANGED. I COULDN'T REALLY TAKE IT IN.
MONSIEUR DUPIN? WE NEED TO GET THIS THING DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT...
I KNOW PEOPLE HERE. I'LL FIND US A CART.

MY GOD.
THAT IS THE *NAUTILUS*, *NON?* I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT LIVE TO SEE IT.

YOU RECOGNIZED IT QUICKLY, SIR. YOUR KNOWLEDGE IS INDEED COMPENDIOUS.
WHAT I DON'T KNOW, I CAN DEDUCE. THAT TURBANNED GENTLEMAN, FOR INSTANCE, THAT IS CAPTAIN NEMO, YES?
AND "MURRAY" IS MERELY YOUR MAIDEN NAME, CORRECT?

I... I AM DIVORCED, AND HAVE RESUMED MY MAIDEN NAME. THERE WERE CERTAIN EVENTS...
LAST YEAR, IN ENGLAND. YES. I KNOW. I READ A LOT.
GOODBYE, MADEMOISELLE. YOU'RE VERY BRAVE. I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN.

Having secured the subdued beast aboard the Nautilus, we took our leave.
I am convinced that this appalling creature is none other than the missing Doctor we were seeking, despite all appearance to the contrary.

You informed me, Mr. Bond, that he'd vanished from London some twelve years ago after a scandal, and was feared a suicide.
You, however, thought that he might be in Paris. You were right.

Which brings me to my question.
Just how much, precisely, did you previously know of Dr Henry Jekyll? Why was I not fully briefed?

I only learned his full name when he woke, complaining of his missing ear.
I need only say the man who woke was not the man we put to sleep. I think you understand me.

So: a pirate, a drug-addict, and a changeling. Clearly, you think much of me to place me in such company.
Hopefully, an explanation and apology will be forthcoming on our imminent return to London.

I remain, sir, yours sincerely,
Wilhelmina Murray (Miss)

OXO
MISS MURRAY, WELCOME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY. I SEE YOU SUCCEEDED IN LOCATING POOR OLD ALLAN QUATERMAIN AND OUR ALARMING LITTLE DOCTOR FRIEND.
MY EMPLOYER, MR. M, IS MORE THAN PLEASED. YOU REALLY HAVE DONE AWFULLY WELL.
IN SIX WEEKS, MR. BOND, I HAVE BEEN ALMOST KILLED ON TWO OCCASIONS.
IF THIS AFFORDS DELIGHT TO YOUR MONO-GRAMMATIC SUPERIOR, MR. MYCROFT HOLMES, THEN I AM, YOU MAY BE SURE, IMMENSELY COMFORTED.

A WASPISH TONGUE, MISS MURRAY, IS TO MY MIND BUT ONE OF THE MANY UNATTRACTIVE FEATURES OF THE MODERN SUFFRAGETTE.
INSPECTOR DONOVAN? IF YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL ATTEND TO HER COMPANIONS MISS MURRAY AND I HAVE MATTERS TO DISCUSS
RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR
DON'T BE CONCERNED YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE IN SAFE HANDS WITH INSPECTOR DONOVAN SPLENDID CHAP SOLVED THE HETTY DUNCAN MURDER SINGLE-HANDEDLY, DON'T YOU KNOW?
OH BY THE WAY LET'S NOT HAVE ANY MORE LOOSE SPECULATION AS TO MR M'S IDENTITY. IT ISN'T YOUR CONCERN.
EVEN WHEN I AM RISKING MY LIFE FOR HIM?
THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES FOR EVERYONE, MISS MURRAY SINCE THE GREAT DETECTIVE'S DEATH SEVEN YEARS AGO THE EMPIRE'S ENEMIES HAVE SEIZED THEIR OPPORTUNITY
DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS? ROBUR, MASTER OF THE AIR HAS ISSUED VAGUE THREATS FROM HIS HIDDEN STRONGHOLD
PRIME MINISTER PLANTAGANET PALLISER IS RESPONDING IN THE HOUSE TODAY
THEN OF COURSE, THE ASTRONOMER LAVELL HAS NOTICED BURSTS OF INCANDESCENT GAS FROM MARS...
OH, AND YOU MAY HAVE READ THE REVEREND SEPTIMUS HARDING'S ATTACK UPON THE SO-CALLED MIRACLES AT MISS COOTE'S SCHOOL IN EDMONTON
HAVING BEEN CONFINED WITHIN A SUBMARINE I'VE READ VERY LITTLE WHAT "MIRACLES" WOULD THESE BE?

THAT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, OF IMPREGNATION BY THE HOLY SPIRIT... AND ON THIS OCCASION IT WOULD SEEM THE HOLY SPIRIT HAS OUTDONE ITSELF.
THESE ARE THREE SCHOOL-GIRLS AT MISS COOTE'S SOMEWHAT DISREPUTABLE ACADEMY WHO, THOUGH VIRGINS FIND THEMSELVES IN, SHALL WE SAY, A SOMEWHAT DELICATE CONDITION
HOW DOES THIS CONCERN ME?
I SUSPECT THAT IT CONCERNS THE NEXT MAN THAT WE NEED YOU TO RECRUIT FOR OUR PARADE OF CURIOSITIES.
I HAVE HIS DOSSIER FOR YOU HERE - A FORMER STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SUPPOSEDLY DECEASED LAST YEAR HIS NAME WAS HAWLEY GRIFFIN HE...
MISS MURRAY? ARE YOU LISTENING?
UH.. FORGIVE ME SIR I WAS DISTRACTED FOR A MOMENT BY MY MEMORIES THE NAME OF THAT ESTABLISHMENT ACROSS THE STREET..
I'VE HEARD IT'S AN OUTSTANDING INN WHAT IS IT THAT DISTURBS YOU ABOUT...?
AH OF COURSE NASTY ASSOCIATIONS, eh? NO MATTER LET'S REJOIN YOUR CREWMATES
.. AND BE ASSURED THAT WHATEVER YOU AND YOUR COMRADES FIND IN EDMONTON COULD NOT COMPARE WITH WHAT WAS FOUND IN... IN THAT OTHER PLACE.
NOT REALLY
COME OUR WAY IS BACK DOWN HERE
PROSPE
OF
WHITE

WELL? DO WE HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT SORT OF HORROR THIS BOND CHAP IS SETTING US TO CAPTURE THIS TIME?
SCARCELY. AN ALBINO MAN WAS MURDERED BY A MOB IN HINTON-DEAN WEST SUSSEX, JUST LAST YEAR
IT'S ASSUMED HE WAS ONE HAWLEY GRIFFEN
EXCEPT THAT JUDGING FROM HIS UNIVERSITY RECORDS GRIFFIN WAS NO ALBINO IT'S TERRIBLY BIZARRE.
WHERE DOES THIS EDMONTON GIRL'S SCHOOL FIT IN?
I'M NOT SURE BOND SEEMS TO BELIEVE THERE'S SOME CONNECTION
THE THREE OF US WILL GO TO EDMONTON TOMORROW AND INVESTIGATE
WHAT ABOUT JEKYLL?
JEKYLL'S BEING TAKEN FROM US FOR SOME TESTS IT'S HOPED THAT SEDATIVES MIGHT EASE HIS STRANGE CONDITION
OR CONTROL IT MR BOND IS NO PHILANTHROPIST I FEAR
I FEAR HE COLLECTS MONSTERS

Edmonton, North London
July 3rd, 1898
SCHADENFREUDE
MISS ROSACOOTE'S CORRECTIONAL ACADEMY FOR WAYWARD GENTLEWOMEN
OH YOU WILL BE MRS MURRAY AND WHAT A FIRM WOMANLY FIGURE YOU PRESENT I AM ROSA BELINDA COOTE
CHARMED THIS IS MY UNCLE HUSBAND MR MURRAY AND AND THIS IS OUR MANSERVANT
HOW ADORABLE! I UNDERSTAND YOU PLAN TO LODGE YOUR DAUGHTER HERE AND SO WISH TO INSPECT THE PLACE
QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE THOUGH I ASSURE YOU I'VE MAINTAINED THE SAME EXACTING STANDARDS AS MY PREDECESSOR MISS FLAYBUM
I-I'M SURE YOU HAVE ALTHOUGH THERE WAS OF COURSE BEEN MENTION LATELY OF THE SCHOOL
OH YOU MEAN OUR THREE IMMACULATE CONCEPTIONS ISN'T IT THRILLING?
IT ATTRACTS SO MUCH ATTENTION HERE WE'RE OBLIGED TO DECORATE
THIS IS INSUFFERABLE TO PLAY THE MANSERVANT LIKE SOME NON-CASTE PUNKAH-WALLAH
YOU THINK I LIKE PLAYING THAT HARPY'S HUSBAND ANY BETTER?
WE MUST SUFFER IT AS BEST WE CAN AND THINK OF ENGLAND

IT MUST DISRUPT YOUR ROUTINE HAVING DECORATORS HERE?
OH WE DON'T LET IT YOU SEE HERE AT COOTE'S WE RATHER PRIDE OUR SELVES UPON OUR DISCIPLINE
STRICTNESS AND DISCIPLINE MISS MURRAY
THAT'S THE KEY TO EVERYTHING!
TAKE THAT OLIVE CHANCELLOR YOU WILLFUL GIRL! AND THAT WE'LL SOON THRASH YOUR INDEPENDENT AMERICAN WAYS OUT OF YOU!
AHHH! MERCY MISS CARR. I AM DYING AAH
UM WASN'T THAT TEACHER BEING AWFULLY HARSH?
OH, THAT'S KATY OUR MISS CARR SHE'S A GREAT BELIEVER IN "THE SCHOOL OF PAIN"
FRANKLY, SOMETIMES WE DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S GOING TO DO NEXT!
I SEE AND THESE SUPPOSED VISITATIONS FROM THE HOLY SPIRIT ARE THEY EQUALLY UNPREDICTABLE?
WELL YOU'D HAVE TO ASK ONE OF OUR LITTLE MOTHERS LIKE MISS RANDALL OF RIVERBORO, MAINE OVER THERE
MISS RANDALL, MEET MRS MURRAY. YOUR EXPERIENCE HAS AROUSED HER INTEREST
IT WAS THE DURNEDEST THING MA'AM THE HOLY SPIRIT JUST SORTA ENTERED INTO ME
IF IT'S A GIRL, I'M NAMIN IT BECKY, LIKE ME
YOU SEE? PERFECTLY SERENE ABOUT THE WHOLE AFFAIR.. EVEN IF SHE WAS A LITTLE HYSTERICAL AT THE TIME
COME. SINCE YOU ASKED TO STOP OVER AT THE SCHOOL I'LL SHOW YOU THE GUEST ROOMS

THEY RE JUST PAST THE SEN OR G.RLS DORMITORY AS YOU SEE, WE VE DECORA- TORS WORKING HERE AS WELL
STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT'S THIS W.NG THAT ALL OF OUR LITTLE MIRACLES HAVE HAILED FROM THE HOLY SP R T SEEMS TO FAVOUR IT.
YOUR ROOMS ARE THROUGH HERE
THERE A DOUBLE ROOM FOR YOU AND MR MURRAY WITH AN ADJOINING SINGLE FOR YOUR DUSKY, STRAPP NG MANSERVANT.
IF YOU SHOULD NEED ANYTHING DURING THE NIGHT MY ROOM IS ON THE FIRST FLOOR, NEXT TO THE FLOGGERY DON'T BOTHER KNOCK NG
OTHER- WISE, I'LL SEE YOU ALL AT BREAK- FAST. CHEERIO FOR NOW
WHAT A DREADFUL WOMAN .. AND SHE RUNS HER SCHOOL LIKE A BORDELLO' NO DOUBT THE DECORATORS ARE TO BLAME FOR HER STUDENTS "MIRACULOUS" CONDITION!
IT S A R DICULOUS CHARADE' THE SOONER WE HAVE A GOOD NIGHT S SLEEP AND CAN BE GONE FROM HERE, THE BETTER
YOU OF COURSE, WILL TAKE THE SINGLE ROOM
WOMEN

WOMEN ARE HARDLY MY STRONG PO NT, MR QUATERMAIN. NO DOUBT YOU'RE MORE FAM LIAR WITH THEM
I... I HAD A WIFE ONCE AND A SON I BURIED BOTH OF THEM
NEMO. WHAT ARE WE DO NG HERE?
HA! YES, IT'S CUR OUS, SN'T IT? THE GREAT COLONIAL ST AND THE GREAT COLONIAL REBEL
FOR MY PART, IF I'M HONEST, I'M HERE BECAUSE I WANTED ANOTHER ADVENTURE.
YES. IT'S HARD TO JUST STOP SN T IT?
WHEN WE STOP WE START TO FALL APART WE .
AAAA!
OHHHH!
MISS MURRAY...? WHAT WAS THAT AWFUL MOANING?
I DON'T KNOW
T SOUNDED AS IF IT CAME FROM THE ROOM DOWN THE HALL
BUT THAT S THE SEN OR GIRLS DORMITORY!
THEY RE PROBABLY JUST DOING SOMETHING BEASTLY LIKE THRASHING EACH OTHER OR
OH, MERCY DO COME QUICKLY! T S HERE AGAIN! 'T S GOT POLLY!
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHO S POLLY AND WHAT S GOT HER?
POLLY WHITTIER! THE HOLY SPIRIT!
SHE S BE NG SEIZED BY IT!

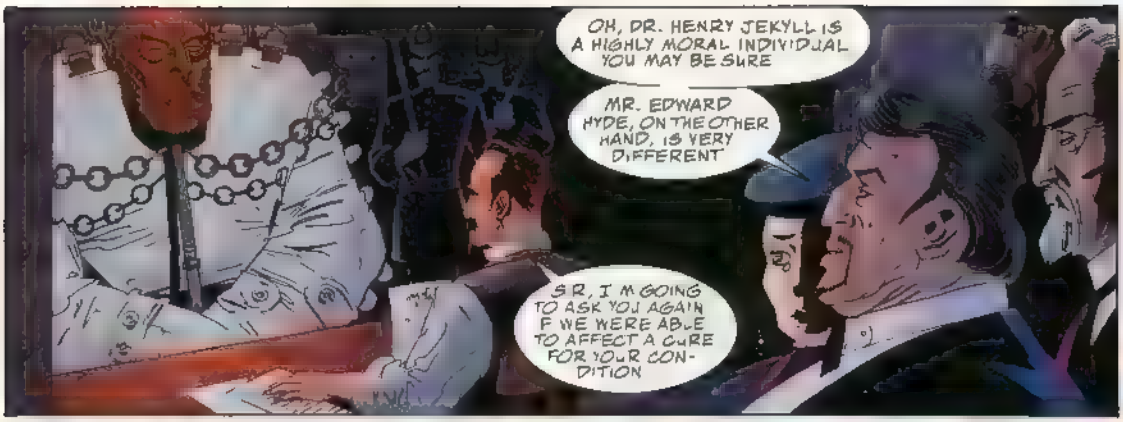
OHH!
AHHHH!
oh GODDD...
Good Heavens

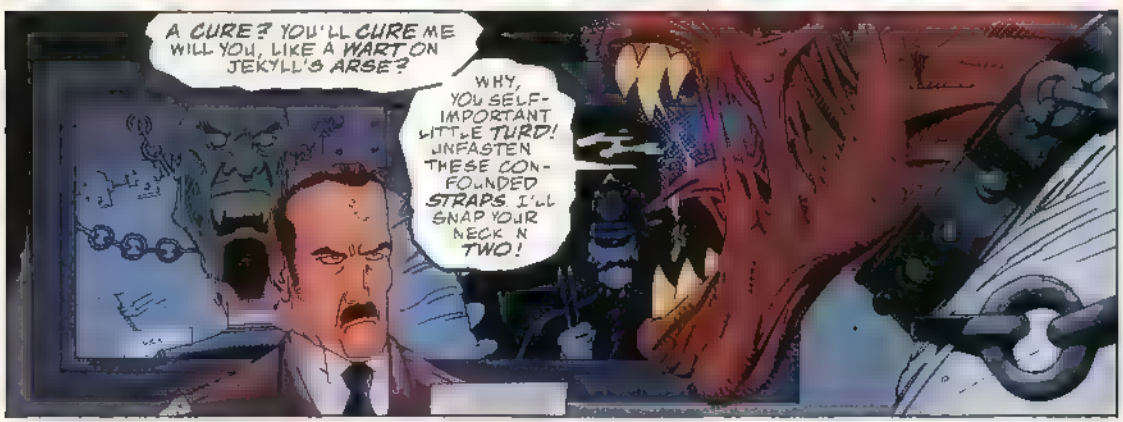
SHE'S BEING ATTACKED! IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF SUPERNATURAL CREATURE.
AAOOHH!
MISS MURRAY, BE CAREFUL.
AAH! QUATERMAIN THERE'S SOMETHING HERE SOMETHING'S GOT HOLD OF HER!
OH! OH!
I'LL HELP YOU
UNNGH
GOOD GOD YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN FEEL SOMETHING. IT'S LIKE NAKED SKIN
I'VE GOT IT BUT IT'S STRUGGLING
IT'S HARD TO HOLD ON WHEN I CAN'T SEE WHAT IT'S.
MR. QUATERMAIN! LOOK OUT!
GNNGH
HERE LET ME GRAB IT!
OHH
THERE! I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT MY ARM AROUND ITS THROAT!
BY DIVINE SHIVA, WHAT IS IT? I CAN FEEL IT WRITHING, BUT
UNNFFF
GHUHH
SOMEONE STOP IT. DON'T LET IT GET OUT OF THE ROOM!
MISS MURRAY, WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M HERE

pffuh.
BLAST IT DAMN YOU TO HELL YOU.
thpumm..
THERE T S· IT CAN TALK· SOMEBODY DO.
SOMETHING
MMMK?
THERE

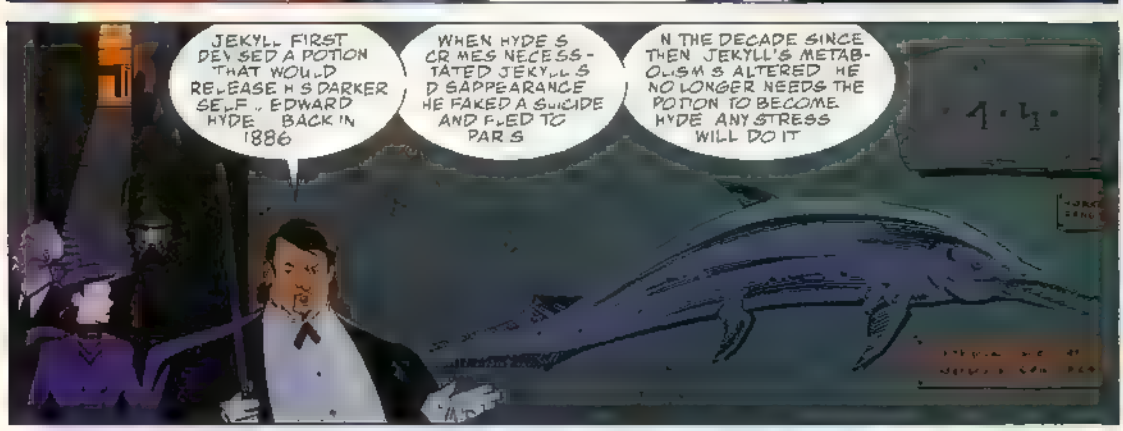
WELL, WHATEVER IT IS, WE HAVE T SOMEBODY FETCH ME A BLANKET TO COVER IT WITH, AND SEND OUT FOR A COACH BACK TO WADD NG.
I'LL HANDLE THAT
WHY, GOODNESS ME! WHAT EVER S GO NG ON?
I. I WAS JUST ENTER-TAIN NG LORD AND LADY POK NGHAM WHEN WE HEARD THE MOST FEARFUL UPROAR
WH-WHAT S THAT BENEATH THE BLANKET?
NOTH NG THAT NEED TROUBLE YOU MISS COOTE WE'VE BAGGED YOUR "HOLY SPIRIT"
WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN REGRETFULLY, THAT I VE DECEIVED YOU. I AM NO PROSPECTIVE PARENT, BUT AN AGENT OF THE CROWN SENT HERE TO TRAP YOUR SPECTRAL VISITOR
NOW, YOU HAVE AN INJURED G RL
OH, I'M FINE, MA'AM. ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN MISHANDLED BY A DEMON, I'M DETER-M NED TO REMA N OPTIMISTIC, NO MATTER WHAT
DEAR POLLYANNA! SUCH A PLUCKY CH LD!
UH, YES WELL IN THAT CASE I LL JO N MY COL-LEAGUES
LEAV NG US ALREADY? BUT YOUR STERN MANNER FITS IN SO PERFECTLY AT COOTE'S YOU MUST V SIT AGAIN
FRANKLY, MADAM I RATHER DOUBT T
A GOOD EVEN NG TO YOU

The British Museum, Bloomsbury, London July 5th 898
WELL? HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW HEADQUARTERS HERE IN THE SECRET ANNEXE, MISS MURRAY?
IT SEEMS COMFORTABLE ENOUGH
MR BOND WHERE IS HENRY JEKYLL TO BE RETURNED TO US? AND WHAT OF THE FIEND WE CAUGHT IN EDMONTON?
WHY, THEY'RE BOTH HERE ALREADY WE HAVE THEM SAFE IN OBSERVATION CHAMBERS FITTED WITH A TWO-WAY LOOKING GLASS
YOU CAN SEE THEM IF YOU WISH
HERE FOR EXAMPLE IS YOUR EDMONTON DISCOVERY
HIS NAME IS HAWLEY GRIFFIN HE MADE HIMSELF INVISIBLE LAST YEAR HE'D ALSO SECRETLY MADE A HALF-WIT ALBINO MAN INVISIBLE FIRST AS A GUINEA PIG
IT WAS THE ALBINO MAN WHO WAS SUBSEQUENTLY KICKED TO DEATH BY AN ENRAGED WEST SUSSEX MOB, MISTAKEN FOR GRIFFIN
GRIFFIN MEANWHILE FLED TO EDMONTON AND MADE HIMSELF VERY COMFORTABLE IN MISS COOTE'S SCHOOL
INSPECTOR DONOVAN QUESTIONED HIM EARLIER HE THINKS GRIFFIN WILL COOPERATE WITH US IN RETURN FOR A PARDON AND A POSSIBLE CURE FOR HIS CONDITION
WHAT OF JEKYLL? HE DID NOT SEEM AN EVIL MAN


OH, DR. HENRY JEKYLL IS A HIGHLY MORAL INDIVIDUAL YOU MAY BE SURE
MR. EDWARD HYDE, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS VERY DIFFERENT
SIR, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU AGAIN IF WE WERE ABLE TO AFFECT A CURE FOR YOUR CONDITION

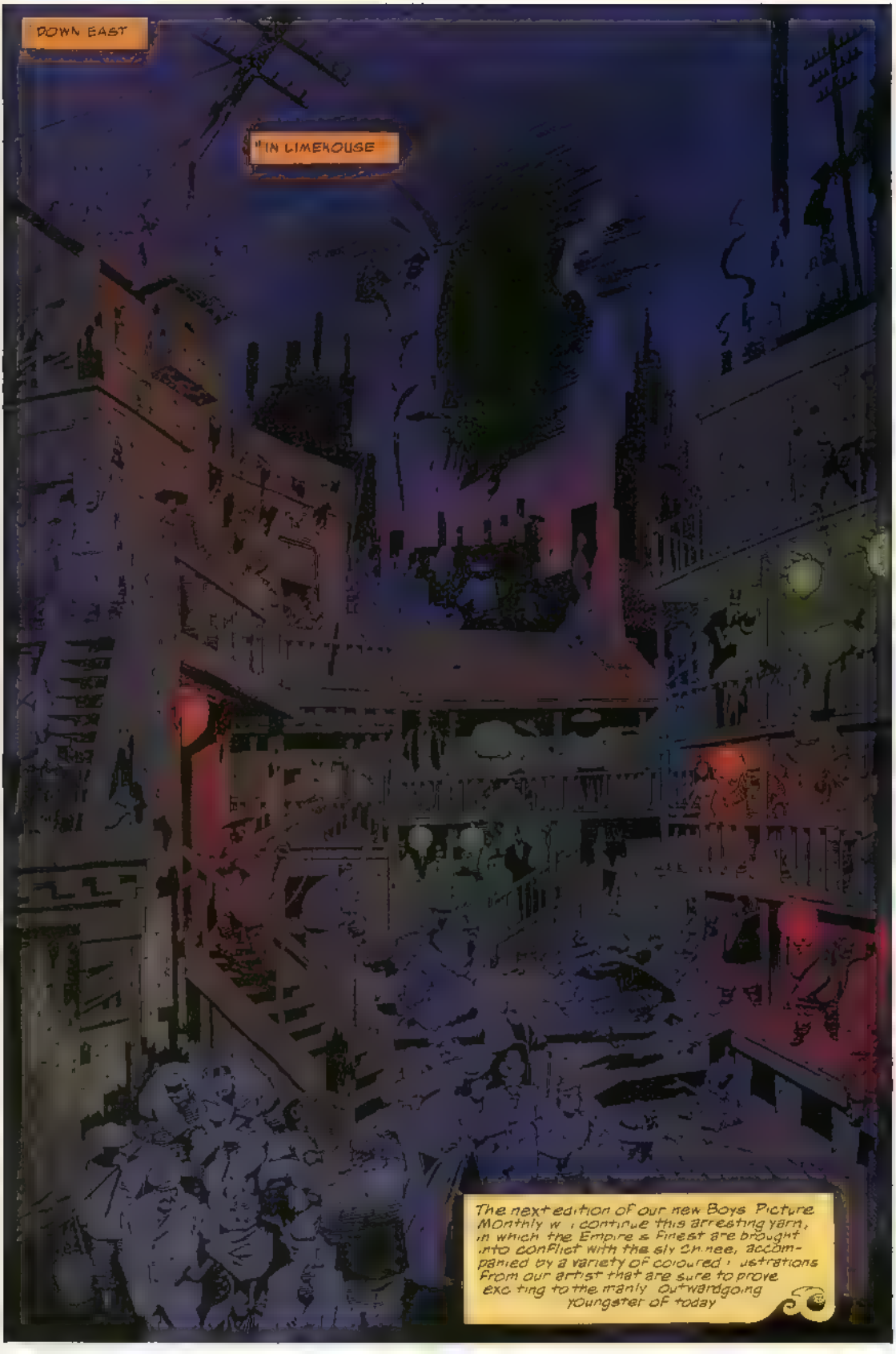

A CURE? YOU'LL CURE ME WILL YOU, LIKE A WART ON JEKYLL'S ARSE?
WHY, YOU SELF-IMPORTANT LITTLE TURD! UNFASTEN THESE CONFOUNDED STRAPS. I'LL SNAP YOUR NECK IN TWO!

THAT WOULD HARDLY BE VERY WISE OF ME, WOULD IT SIR?
NOW, WITH REGARD TO A POSSIBLE ROYAL PARDON
HMMPH DONOVAN'S DOING HIS BEST BUT THIS FELLOW'S A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE ALTOGETHER.


JEKYLL FIRST DEVISED A POTION THAT WOULD RELEASE HIS DARKER SELF - EDWARD HYDE - BACK IN 1886
WHEN HYDE'S CRIMES NECESSITATED JEKYLL'S DISAPPEARANCE HE FAKED A SUICIDE AND FLED TO PARIS
IN THE DECADE SINCE THEN JEKYLL'S METABOLISM IS ALTERED HE NO LONGER NEEDS THE POTION TO BECOME HYDE ANY STRESS WILL DO IT

THEN HOW CAN HE BE OF USE TO US?
MR BOND YOU HAVEN'T TOLD US WHY IT WAS DECIDED TO BRING SUCH DIS-SIMILAR INDIVIDUALS TOGETHER IN THE FIRST PLACE. WHAT IS OUR PURPOSE?
AN EXCELLENT QUESTION, CAPTAIN AND ONE WHICH I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ADDRESS.
PLEASE FOLLOW ME THROUGH HERE
WHERE I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO PROFESSOR SELWYN CAVOR THE PROFESSOR IS IN CHARGE OF ENGLAND'S PROPOSED LUNAR EXPEDITION
PROFESSOR THESE ARE THE OPERATIVES I SPOKE OF
WILL THEY GET MY CAVORITE BACK? IF THEY DON'T WE'LL HAVE TO DELAY THE PROJECT!
WAIT A MOMENT DID YOU JUST SAY "LUNAR EXPEDITION"?
ABSOLUTELY ALL HUSH-HUSH OF COURSE IT'S PLANNED FOR 1900 TO MARK THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
WE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT LAUNCH DATE NOW! MY CAVORITE THE ANTI-GRAVITY MATERIAL THAT I'D INVENTED.. HAS BEEN STOLEN!
I COULD MAKE MORE BUT NOT BY THE PROPOSED END OF THE-CENTURY CELEBRATIONS
THAT'S TRUE HOWEVER WHAT TROUBLES MY EMPLOYER MR M'S THE FACT THAT PARTIES UNKNOWN NOW POSSESS THE CAVORITE
Y-YOU MEAN THAT ENGLAND'S ENEMIES MIGHT NOW BE ABLE TO CREATE I DON'T KNOW... FLYING MACHINES OF SOME SORT?

THAT IS PRECISELY WHAT I MEAN.
THE IDEA THAT SOME FOREIGN NATION... SAY, FOR INSTANCE, GERMANY MIGHT SOON BE CAPABLE OF SUBJECTING ENGLAND TO AN AERIAL BOMBARDMENT WITH EXPLOSIVES IS UNTHINKABLE
IMAGINE, THEN, OUR GREAT DISTRESS WHEN A NOTORIOUS GERMAN AIR-PIRATE NAMED CAPTAIN MORS WAS FIRST SUGGESTED AS A SUSPECT
I HAVE HEARD OF MORS HE IS A DANGEROUS MAN
HE IS INDEED HOWEVER IT TRANSPIRES THAT HE IS NOT OUR CULPRIT
THE MAN WHO IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE CAVORITE, AND THUS THE KEY TO GRAVITY ITSELF IS SOMEONE FAR, FAR WORSE
WORSE THAN MORS? IS THAT CONCEIVABLE?
OH YES THE MAN I SPEAK OF IS A WARLORD FROM THE ORIENT, BUT RECENTLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND
LITTLE IS KNOWN OF HIM. IT'S RUMOURED HE GREW UP DURING THE OPIUM WARS IN CHINA, AND THEREFORE ABHORS THE BRITISH WITH A VENGEANCE
WE KNOW THAT WITH BRUTAL EFFICIENCY, HE HAS ESTABLISHED HIMSELF AS ABSOLUTE OR ME KING OF LONDON'S EAST END
KNOWN ONLY AS "THE DOCTOR," HE'S REGARDED AS SATAN HIMSELF BY SUCH FEW AS HAVE SURVIVED ENCOUNTERING HIM
HE HAS THE CAVORITE YOUR GROUP'S JOB IS TO TRACK HIM TO HIS LAIR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Allan and the Sundered Veil

Authored by Mr. Alan Moore
with Accompanying Illustrations
by Mr. Kevin O'Neill

CHAPTER II
IN THE RUINS OF TIME

Within the mildewed, umber husk of Lady Ragnall's library, lyrically illuminated by the sonnets blazing in the hearth, an intricately carved taduki pipe fell from the nerveless fingers of the great, reputedly deceased explorer Allan Quatermain. Crouched at his side and tending to the brazier upon which the crumpled leaves of the taduki had been vaporized, the Nubian servant gave vent to a sudden piercing scream

"Marisa? My dear girl, whatever is the matter?"

Lady Ragnall, frail as some exhumed Egyptian Queen, sat up as far as she was able in her makeshift bed, formed by two hulking, worn divans pushed up against each other in the firelit library's centre. Her wet eyes fixed in an anxious, questioning look upon the servant woman who was kneeling now beside the sprawled, convulsing body of the old adventurer. Marisa gaped in horror at the flailing, stringless mannequin that writhed before, knuckles pressed against her tropic lips, face paling visibly so that the ritual whorls of beautiful disfigurement raised on her soft obsidian cheeks stood out in dark relief. Across the palsied shadows of the chamber floor, the thin marsh-heron voice of Lady Ragnall came again, more urgently

"Tell me what's wrong! Is Mr. Quatermain alive or dead?"

Marisa could not speak. Trained as a priestess of the sacred drug taduki in the furthest eastern reaches of the Congo before coming here to assist in the dowager's experiments with the divine narcotic, she had taken on the drug's mysterious visions as a form of second sight, and did not always see things quite as others did. Now, as Marisa's disbelieving gaze took in the spectacle of the weathered explorer twitching on the parquet flooring, she beheld a spectacle that neither she or any priestess in her long tradition had heard tell of, much less witnessed.

Quatermain was inside out. At least, that was the first impression that Marisa gained on glimpsing the profusion of exposed internal organs; the exploded bones of an exterior skeleton. And yet, the more she watched the slaughterhouse grotesque that shuddered on the wooden tiles in front of her, the more she was not sure. It seemed to her bewildered sight as if something more subtle and peculiar were occurring.

For one thing, it appeared as if the man still had flesh on the outside, but altered somehow, made transparent to reveal the inner body... and yet that too was not the entire truth of things, Marisa realized as she watched in frightened fascination. It wasn't simply that one could see through the body's outer layers. It was that one could see around them to the viscera inside, as from some unimaginable vantage point that looked on things inside and out and saw both vistas simultaneously. Quatermain's face was visible, stunned terror frozen deep into its features, and yet somehow these were lifted out from the main mass of the explorer's head, like an expanded section in a diagram. Peering around these hanging jigsaw fragments, one could see the marble whiteness of the skull, itself somehow cross sectioned to expose the brain, unfolded through an alien plane of space revealing naked cortex, neural marrow at its centre. Every inch of the adventurers wracked body, both inside and out, was visible to the appalled Marisa in its intimate and hideous finery.

Worse still, if the man's limbs moved in any way, a more terrible phenomenon became apparent: every gesture left there in the air behind itself a stream of solid-seeming after images, so that the movement of one horribly translucent arm would yield a fan of bones, each feathered with a foggy down of veins, like pinions from some phantom swan; some form out of an alien geometry.

The non-Euclidean shape rippled before her in

such violent contravention of the normal laws governing space and reason that Marisa felt a heavy wave of nausea welling within her. Closing tight her eyes, she willed her vision to return to normal, free from the grotesque perspectives her taduki-trained perceptions had so suddenly afforded her. When she opened them again, Quatermain's body had become once more a reassuring opaque solid. Ominously still, he sprawled upon the library's chill parquet in a death like trance As if from far away, Marisa heard the agitated cries of Lady Ragnall.

"Speak, confound you! What is wrong with Mr. Quatermain?

Marisa looked up at her Mistress in confusion, jade eyes dazed and blinking like one led from dark ness into light, or woken from some mystifying dream

"Forgive me, Mistress," the maidservant stammered. "I have been pierced by a vision, strange and terrible. It seems to me as if your friend has not been taken by the drug into a previous life, as has transpired before, but rather torn from past and present altogether, taken to a wasteland that is quite beyond all time, or space, or anything we know."

Here Marisa fell silent, her eyes downcast. It was quite the longest speech that Lady Ragnall had, in all their years together, heard the ebon beauty utter. Cocking her frail, bird-like skull to one side as she paused, considering, the dowager at last pursed her thin lips decisively and offered up her verdict on this new and worrying turn of events.

"Then fetch pillows and blankets so that we at least can make his body comfortable. If Mr Quatermain's soul has been taken from us, then we must do all we can to bring it back."

Without replying, Marisa stood up and hurried from the flickering library to do as she'd been bidden. In the chamber now was no sound save the reedy, rattling wheeze of the decayed aristocrat herself, still sat bolt upright in a stale and yellowed froth of bedsheets; that, and the much fainter breathing of the man sprawled all but lifeless on the floor. Oh, my dear Mr. Quatermain, thought Lady Ragnall. What dark continent are you exploring now?

Quatermain had felt the consciousness torn from his body, gripped by the drug's phantasmal diamond fist. He's heard Marisa scream and then awareness was dashed from him by a cold, obliterating light. Now he was lost. As sensibility returned, he found himself afloat, a ghostly form amidst a shimmering violet limbo. What had happened? This was not the breathtaking immersion in past incarnation that the drug had hitherto provided. All about him dream-like forms congealed from viscous twilight, half-materialized before once more dissolving into opalescent nothing. Smoldering ferns and mollusc spirals, scintillating on the brink of substance.

Scarcely had Quatermain formed the conscious wish for some navigable geography by which to find his way, than suddenly the ectoplasmic medium about him seemed to quiver, crystallizing and condensing into landscape. There below his wraith-like feet, lush tufts of pale mauve grass grew from mud of rich indigo. A queasy hybrid vegetation, writhing blossoms neither wholly cuttlefish nor thistle, sprouted from the spectral verges. These surely were marshlands of the mind, a terrible Sargasso of the psyche where souls foundered in an astral mire. Somewhere ahead of him were voices, murmuring, and meagre firelight glistering in the starless gloom.

Advancing, the explorer beheld two incongruous figures, hunched over a dim and heatless fire whereon burned the unpleasant squid flowers, tentacles curling themselves, withering in the queer green flames. To one side of this cheerless blaze there sat a stooped young man, lugubrious features weirdly underlit by the wan radiance of the campfire. Cross-legged on the mauve turf opposite this dreamy individual sat a person stranger yet, a strongly built man decked out in the dusty grey apparel of a Southern officer of the American war between the states. Both men glanced up suspiciously at Quatermain's approach.

"I mean no harm," the adventurer said in haste, noting that the Confederate captains' hand moved cautiously towards the sabre hanging at his side. "My name is Allan Quatermain, and I fear I am lost. Tell me, where are we and how came you here? Are we alive, or dead and in some purgatory unpredicted by religion?" Here a meaningful glance passed between the seated figures before the stooped, younger man made a reply, his voice and manner mild and academic.

"I am Randolph Carter. This is my great-uncle John. I fear we are as lost as you appear to be." The young man went on to describe an improbable New England of the twentieth century, a life spent in reclusive exploration of the world of dreams. During one such excursion through what the young man referred to as "the gates of Deeper Slumber," he had strayed unwittingly into these current psychic wastelands, previously unknown to him. Here he had met the shade or astral double of his distant relative, a man mysteriously lost in battle a century before. At this point the Civil War veteran took up the tale, his low commanding voice almost a whisper.

"I don't know about this twentieth century Randolph talks about. All I know is that I was dying in a cave and staring at the planet Mars just hanging there above me in the grey dawn sky, its strong unblinking light amidst the fading stars. Suddenly, I'm wrenched from my body, just as if the pull of Mars is drawing up my soul towards it... but instead I end up in this dismal, gaseous place, where I run into Randolph, who tells me that he is my great nephew from Providence, Rhode Island. Next thing, you turn up from nowhere."

"Not exactly nowhere," Quatermain responded. "I'm from England in the last half of the nineteenth century. It seems I've been propelled here by a drug I ingested. Normally it causes vision of time past, but in this instance it would seem to have removed me from time altogether. What is more, in my experience as a hunter, I'm not sure that this locale is an entirely friendly one."

"There's dozens of the things"

Allan and the Sundered Veil

He gestured toward the gloom beyond the greenish halo of their fire. Something of bulk dragged itself through the furthest weeds. Elsewhere, a faint, dry sound like rattling lobster claws

A nervous perspiration dewed the young man's brow, and panic cracked his high pitched voice. "It sounds like we're surrounded. What are we to do? I'm hardly what you'd call a fighting man

The soldier favored his great nephew with a scornful look. "Seems the spunk has gone out of the Carter clan since my day You'd best let me handle this" There was a satisfying hiss of steel as the confederate captain drew his sword. Not one to shrink from combat, Quatermain lifted a blazing branch of the anemone-tipped bracken from the fire, arcing it through the darkness

The swathe of emerald flame briefly illuminated something very like a monstrous centipede made of translucent gelatine, a frogspawn cluster of a dozen eyes grouped at one end that glittered momentarily in the ghastly viridian light. Worse shapes shifted suggestively in the encroaching murk. Quatermain's voice was low and grim

"There s dozens of the things. I somehow don't think sticks and swords will rescue us from this We have to "

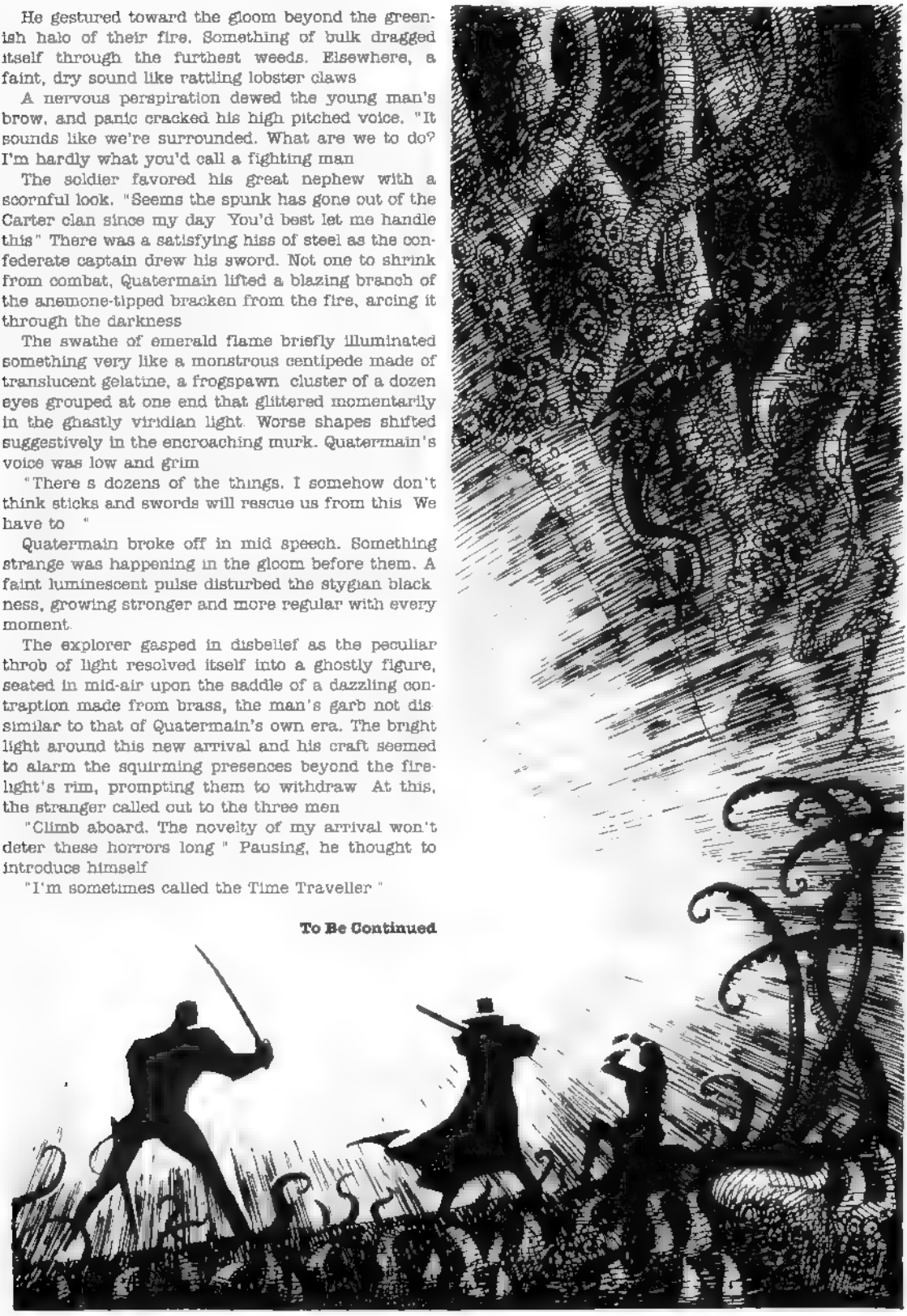
Quatermain broke off in mid speech. Something strange was happening in the gloom before them. A faint luminescent pulse disturbed the stygian blackness, growing stronger and more regular with every moment.

The explorer gasped in disbelief as the peculiar throb of light resolved itself into a ghostly figure, seated in mid-air upon the saddle of a dazzling contraption made from brass, the man's garb not dissimilar to that of Quatermain's own era. The bright light around this new arrival and his craft seemed to alarm the squirming presences beyond the firelight's rim, prompting them to withdraw At this, the stranger called out to the three men

"Climb aboard. The novelty of my arrival won't deter these horrors long " Pausing, he thought to introduce himself

"I'm sometimes called the Time Traveller "

To Be Continued



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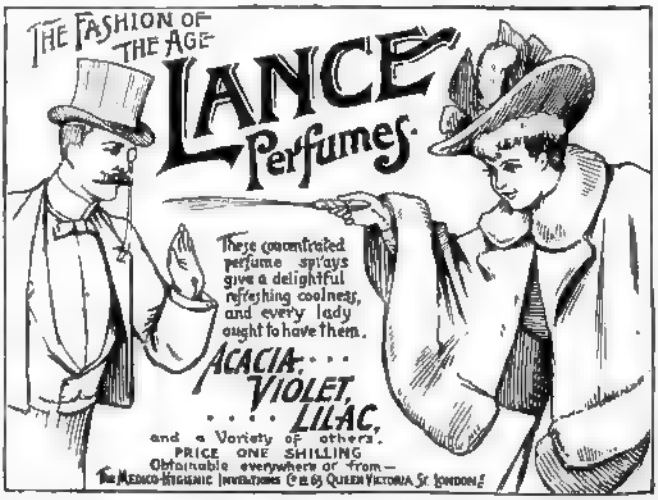
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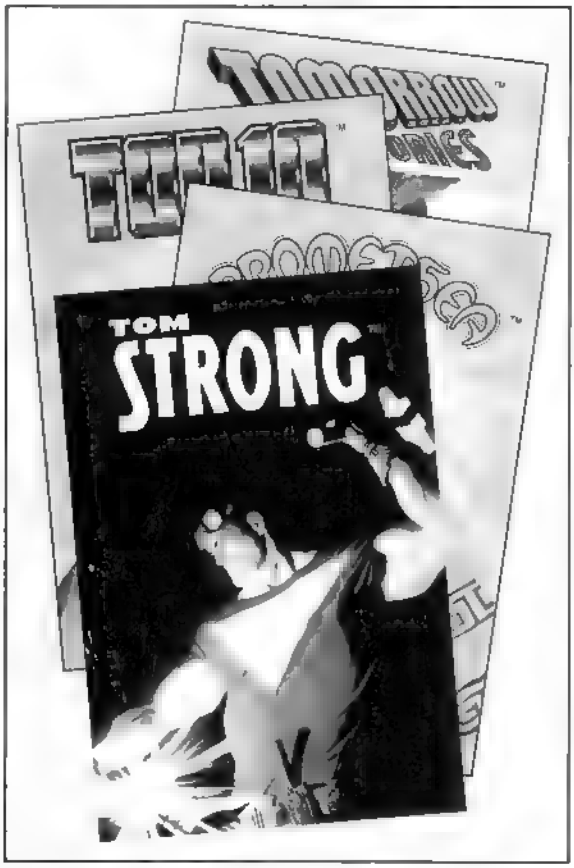

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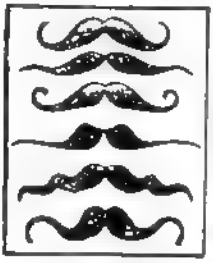

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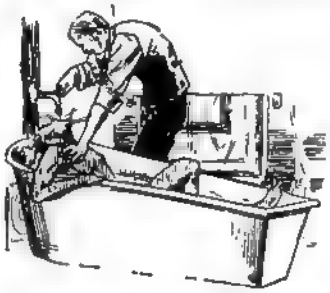

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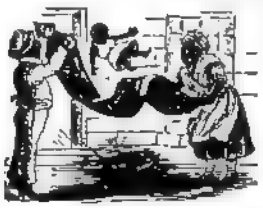

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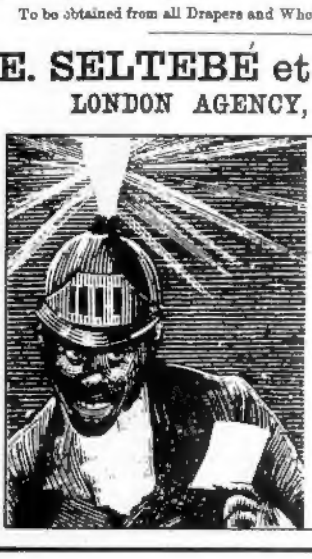

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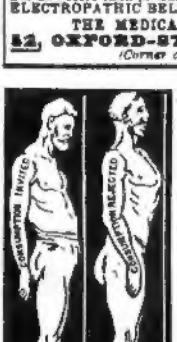

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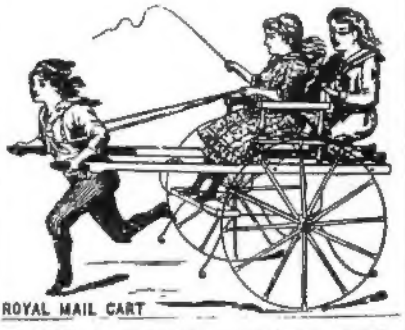

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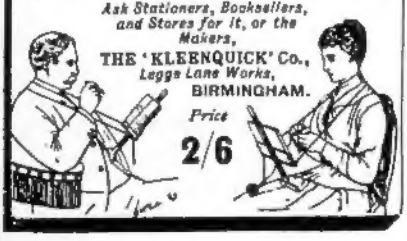

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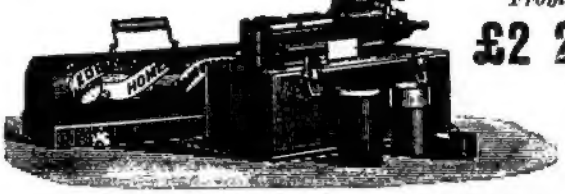

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